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Richard Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, and Walter, his nephew, afterwards earl of Pembroke, and after them, Harlemin, who, being a Bernardin monk, was made bishop of Laghlin, built some part of the church, and was buried in it, A.D. 1217.

The popes had exempted this abbey from the jurisdiction of the ordinary, being the bishop of Fernes, and granted many other considerable privileges and immunities to this house. The last abbot, before the suppression, was Devereux, who was made bishop of Fernes, in the year 1539.

The modern history of the abbey affords little to the antiquarian, though a few gold reliques have been found by the peasantry, and fourteen or fifteen skeletons placed side by side: the building now affords shelter to the owner's cattle, and parts of the interior are cultivated for potatoes.

New Ross.

G. H.

ON THE COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES BETWEEN LOCKS AND INCLINED PLANES IN OVERCOMING GREAT ELEVATIONS ON CANALS.

We extract the following observations on inclined planes from a bill passed by the American Legislature, for connecting Lake Michigan with the waters of the Illinois river:—

"The inclined planes were first put into operation on the Morris canal, in New Jersey, in 1829, under the direction of Major Douglass, an able and skilful engineer, and have been in successful operation on that canal since that period; and are used for the transit of boats carrying from twenty to twenty-five tons. In the summer of 1830, when the planes had been in use on the Morris canal a part of two seasons, Mr. Hutchinson visited that canal, and made the examinations contemplated by the act under which the re-survey was ordered. From that examination, he became satisfied that they were feasible, and recommended their adoption, to overcome 685 feet of the elevation and descent on the Black River canal. Major Douglass, under whose superintendence they were constructed, has great confidence in their superior advantage over locks, in overcoming great elevations, both in regard to expense of construction, time of passing, and expense of superintendence. He calculates that the time occupied by a boat in passing the planes will be about one minute to every six feet lift, and that it will take about two minutes to get the boat into the car, and make it fast, preparatory to ascending the plane—making twelve minutes in all in ascending a plane of sixty feet lift, which is below the average lift of the planes calculated by Mr. Hutchinson for the Black River canal. The boat will descend the plane in less time than is occupied in the ascent; and he calculates that a boat will ascend and descend a plane of seventy-five feet lift in about the time occupied in locking a boat up, and another down a lock of ten feet lift. He regards an elevation of only fifteen hundred feet, to be overcome by planes, as no more formidable than an elevation of two hundred feet to be overcome by the ordinary lift lock. According to this estimate, the whole amount of elevation on the Black River (685 feet) which Mr. Hutchinson supposes adapted to inclined planes, is no more formidable than ninety-one feet and four inches of elevation to be surmounted by the ordinary lift locks."

MY EARLY DREAMS. BY MARY M'D.

Although rather an unusual thing to notice a work already two or three years before the public, still as an Irish production, as the effort of a female pen, and as a work by no means destitute of merit, we most readily comply with the request to afford it the advantage of a more general introduction to public notice, through the medium of our pages. The little work, as our readers will perceive from the initials affixed, is by the lady to whom we were indebted for the very pretty verses which appeared in a late number—"The Vow." It consists of several pieces of prose and poetry; and although two or three of the former are rather much in the novel style for our taste, and although in the latter there is too great a mixture of hymns and songs, to render the work generally acceptable, there is notwithstanding much in it to commend, and to prove that the writer is deserving of encouragement.

The following simple sketch of the misfortunes and sufferings of the unfortunate Princess Matilda, Queen of Denmark, sister to George III. will be new to many. The circumstances referred to are correctly given; and we agree with the writer, in thinking that the youthful Queen was not guilty of the crimes charged against her by her enemies.

"MATILDA, QUEEN OF DENMARK.

"What unblest things are ill-assorted marriages. What untold sorrows do they produce: untold, because, though their evil consequences are, in general, only too glaring; yet, the worst are those that lie hidden deep within the heart, unbreathed of and unseen." I was deeply struck with these thoughts, while reading the historical account given us of the Princess Matilda, sister of our ever beloved and lamented monarch, George the Third. Great, indeed, were her sufferings, springing from such a cause; and the world looked upon them and wondered; but not those which were most apparent had caused the deepest wound. She was wedded to one she could neither respect nor love, if she had continued to share the throne of Denmark and its regal splendour. If she had no enemies to endeavour to cast a blight on her fair name, to conspire against her, and to thrust her, at last, under false pretences, into confinement and danger, the world's sympathy would not have been excited; it would have shed for her no pitying tears; still she would have been unhappy; still would the worm, though unseen, have gnawed at the core; and though the Queen might smile, and the regal ornaments deck her brow, yet would the woman's bosom have heaved in sadness beneath the royal mantle, and fondly sighed for those brighter gems—the affections of a worthier, and a nobler-minded husband.

"Matilda, ere she had quite attained the age of fifteen, left England to become the wife of Christian, King of Denmark; a marriage (as is often the fate of royalty) only entered into for the sake of expediency. She was lively and intelligent; of quick and ardent affections. She had rather too promptly yielded her consent to this ill-omened union; and, though it afterwards cost her many a pang, when she contemplated the prospect it laid before her, of leaving her beloved England, and still more beloved brother. She was too tenaciously honourable to retract her promise; and her sanguine mind would sometimes allow her to hope, that in Denmark she would find a home, and in its monarch a husband, though not possessed of shining qualities, yet such as would, in some degree, compensate for all she would leave behind. Alas this hope was vain. Her arrival was, indeed, greeted with all the honour due her high rank and destination; but this was but an idle display, a flash of unwarming light, which quickly passed away, leaving the dark brow of her fate as cold and unilluminated as ever.

"The King, her husband, was abjectly mean; a passive slave to the will of others; and could be said only to reign in name. The designing and ambitious Queen mother, Julia Maria, had usurped the whole management of the kingdom, over which she proposed soon to place her youngest and favourite son. As she looked on Matilda as one chief obstacle to this design, she imbibed towards her an unnatural hatred, of which she was soon made the victim.

"The King loved his young wife as much as a nature like his would permit: but her heart, though it would have bounded to return the affections of an object worthy of it, often turned away, sickening from the caresses of a being, weak both in mind and body; and under the dominion of follies and vices too low even to be recorded. Yet he did love her, and would willingly have made her happy: and such was the generosity of her nature, that she even accused herself of ingratitude and injustice for not feeling affection towards him. But there is nothing so vain or fruitless, as the endeavour of pure and amiable minds to love where they cannot respect. All the miseries which the hapless Matilda afterwards endured, from the malice and machinations of her enemies, had not a more withering and wasting influence upon her, than her constant anxiety to bring her mind to what she considered the regard due to her husband. But the tide with which her forced affections would rush back, continually refusing to flow in such an uninviting and unlovely course.

made every such attempt fail. Oh! no; there can be no fellowship between light and darkness. In vain will the reptile wind itself around the flower; it can extract no honey from the closing leaves; it but dims and destroys the bloom and the beauty over which it passes, with the hateful slime it leaves behind.

"It is, indeed, a sad thing, when the social affections must remain unshared, within the fountains that give them birth, or lose all their loveliness and buoyancy, as we force them on slowly and murmuringly to flow through some ill-chosen channel. As some beautiful spring, which had sent forth its waters, sparkling and playing in the bright sunshine, pursuing their joyful course, through verdant meadows and flowery banks, to which their own sweet influence had imparted fresh luxuriance; should they be turned back, and pent up at their source, or forced to mingle their waters with some muddy and polluted stream, will they not soon become dim and stagnated; the spring itself be choked with weeds, and the current no longer flow on a gladsome and sunny way, giving and receiving beauty?"

"But Matilda was allowed one channel through which the tide of her affections could flow without revulsion; and this was towards her children. Oh! who can tell what delight it is to a woman's ardent heart, to have some object on which she can bestow the purity of her love: and yet it is often the mercy of heaven that gives a check to those who are too apt to make idols; for though such are often the most amiable, and even in this, their very weakness, exciting more than our admiration, yet sooner or later this propensity will bring its own punishment, when we find our idols are but clay.

"The time now approached when her enemies were to complete her ruin. Matilda had fulfilled, as usual, the tenderest of maternal duties to her infant daughter; and retired to rest, to return, most likely, on the wings of contemplation, and wrap herself in the loveliness of vanished days. To her the silence and loneliness of the night was precious. In such hours she could put off the irksome smile that but wearied her to wear: she could turn to the sweetness of memory, those night flowers of her spirit, that closed all their fragrant leaves in the noisy day. But if her dreams were of happiness, the delusion was soon harshly broken; and, ere the morning dawned, she was awakened to receive the King's order to retire from court to one of his castles in the country. It was not that she regretted leaving the splendours of a palace, which had for her nothing but empty show; nor could it be sorrow at retiring from a society, where she, for the most part, had been treated with harshness and indignity, that made the young Queen feel so poignantly; no, it was that she immediately perceived it was no common danger that threatened her. All those who had most befriended her, had already fallen a sacrifice; and what reason was there for her to hope that she should not also fall, and expiate, with her blood, the crime of having given birth to other heirs to the throne, than those for whom her ambitious mother-in-law had designed it? She rushed from her bed to seek the presence and protection of her husband: mean and slavish as he was, surely he would be aroused to defend the mother of his children. But the first ill-omened face that met her, as she entered the apartment, was that of Count Rantzan, one of her bitterest enemies. The sarcastic smile that curled in derision on his scornful lips, recalled, in some degree, the recollections of her disordered appearance, and she hastily withdrew to arrange her dress. But in this interval her fate was sealed. Her enemies well knew, that were she permitted to see the King, and exert her influence over him, the tide of ruin would be instantly rolled back on themselves. It was to prevent this, that, when she would have returned, she found an officer placed to impede her progress. She, however, overcame this obstacle; but again, on arriving at the anti-chamber, she was stopped by two soldiers, who crossed their weapons at the door. Her spirit, which had been hurried out of its composure, now resumed all its wonted dignity; and, struck with this new insolence and barbarity, she would have turned away without deigning to sue to the menials of her persecutors; but that she thought, 'I have come here to demand my rights, and they shall not prevent me.' She then, addressing the

centinels with great dignity, said—'Soldiers! let your Queen pass: those who have placed you there, have no right to fetter my steps! They are my subjects, and not your king! Men! if you have any regard to your honour, cease to raise your arms against a woman!' The soldiers, instantly struck with a feeling of pity and respect for suffering majesty, dropped their arms, and, ashamed of their office, saluted her as their rightful sovereign. But her efforts were unavailing. Ere she had reached the King's apartment, he had been removed: the seal was set on her fate. She now found herself surrounded by enemies, far from any friends that might have aided her. She, therefore, determined to resign herself as became a Queen; and, though she was treated with the utmost insolence and cruelty, she bore it all with firmness and patience. Their cruelty they might make her feel, but not their insolence—she was exalted above it. Matilda was confined for four months in the castle of Cronsburgh; at the end of which time her release was procured by the determined interposition of her brother; had that not been prompt and spirited, there is every reason to believe that her life would have been forfeited to the dark hatred and ambition of Julia Maria.

"During her confinement in this fortress, she had one sweet source of comfort in her little daughter, some few months old, the companion, but, happily, not the sharer of her mother's misery: for it was watched with all a mother's love and tenderness, and cradled on the warmth of her bosom. Happy little innocent; a young bud of immortality just dawning into life, and unconsciously wreathing its sweetness around the bough, that, shivering itself in the icy blast, yet fondly spread its shelter to screen it from the chilling winds that had early blighted its own verdure and bloom.

"The only liberty granted the unfortunate Matilda, was permission to walk on the battlements of her solitary prison. The cold winds swept over the dark tide that dashed round the rocky promontory on which it was situated; the wild breeze fluttered her garments, as she listened to the hoarse dashing of the northern billows, and thought of the bright and peaceful ripples that kissed the far and sunny shores of England. Then she would sigh even but for one glance from those eyes, that ever beamed on her the light of affection; but for one token from that beloved brother, the companion of those happy hours, when the steps and hearts of childhood were free and unfettered, and the bright sunshine of youthful joyousness illuminated into beauty all that surrounded them. And he—he did not forget her, or leave her to perish forsaken and alone: no, for kindness and affection were among the chief characteristics of his noble nature; and one came to Matilda, bearing the message of his love. What can be more affecting, than the statement of the manner in which this messenger was received. When the English minister at Copenhagen, had, after great exertions, procured an order for her liberation, on producing before her this unexpected intelligence, she burst into a flood of tears, and, flinging her arms round his neck, embraced him with transports of gratitude and joy. Oh! well, when the calling forth such emotions are the reward, well may it be said, that it is

'The sweetest, holiest draft of power,
When it can say, with godlike voice
Arise sad virtue and rejoice.'

But it seemed as if the cup of joy was never destined long to be the portion of this hapless Princess; and she found, that on obtaining her liberty, she must resign the darling object of her affections, who had been the solace of all her miseries and loneliness. It was not without the greatest difficulty that she could be prevailed on to accept of freedom which must be bought at such a price. As the ship bore her away, she sat on deck, looking back with tearful eyes to those towers which contained her favourite treasure (then just recovered from the measles, through which she had been her only nurse): the night came down and hid them from her view; but the blessed morning light again revealed them, (as it dawned on her waking and watching eyes,) faintly traced in the far distance: a few minutes' strained and anxious gaze, and they were lost to her for ever. She was conducted to the castle of Zell, on the banks of the Allen, prepared for her, and furnished, with an honourable household, by the liberality

of her brother. Here she lived for a while, in the peacefulness of retirement, and in as much of pleasure as England's monarch could bestow. He gave her all he could—a haven in which to rest, and shelter her storm-tossed bark; and the sunshine of his love to illuminate the wreck of her existence. He could do no more; for it requires a higher power than that of earthly kings to heal the broken heart. They may often be the instruments employed; but, unless the medicine comes down from heaven, it will be found superficial. Day by day, this unfortunate victim of an ill-chosen marriage, settled down into deep, though gentle sadness. She was neither gloomy nor morose; but the hand of sorrow had rudely torn every chord that had once, within her young bosom, vibrated to the tones of gladness. She now lived as an isolated being—far from all she most loved. This was but ill suited to one who seemed formed to live in the very atmosphere of love!

"She obtained from Denmark the pictures of her children, which, though they afforded her great delight in contemplating, only made her long the more for the living forms and the close embrace. But these were not granted her; and the heart of the mother pined away, until, at the early age of twenty-four, she died in the blighted spring-time of her years: retaining, in all their first warmth, the ardour of her affections—the rude storms of an unfeeling world had, indeed, blown bitterly upon them, and wrenched their fairest blossoms; but they were unable to destroy their fragrance, which seemed, the more they were bruised and scattered, only to send forth richer sweetness. But peace to her hallowed memory—the dear and noble sister of so dear and noble a brother. The day of both was darkly overclouded: one was shortened by misery—the other lengthened out in the chilly shadows of gloominess and age; but the same sacred radiance shines round the memory of both—the deep-rooted love and reverence of all who can estimate true loveliness, goodness, and majesty. Bright be the rest of both: they are gone, where, we trust, they shall wear everlasting crowns.

"I am aware that there have been many aspersions thrown on the character of Matilda; and that, of late, some writers have treated her memory with harshness. But, in Adolphus's History of George the Third, (from which I have chiefly drawn my conclusions,) it is stated, 'That the articles supposed to be proved against this princess, were sent to London, and submitted to the examination of the most eminent civilians, who, though consulted separately, unanimously declared, that the evidence, far from amounting to legal conviction, did not sanction a presumption of guilt; and they added, they did not only refuse credit to the facts as lawyers, but were obliged to disbelieve them as men.' I also know that Aikin, writing of the same time, takes a similar view. Even were this not the case, our hearts would involuntarily pronounce her innocent, when we contemplate her youth, her persecutions, and her sufferings; and saw how she retained, through all, that matchless tenderness and beautiful devotion of a mother's love. This, of itself, might be sufficient to exculpate her in the eyes of all those who can estimate the purity of such feelings: they will readily believe, that the coarser passions could not have fellowship with any thing so amiable."

"THE SUMMER BREEZE.

"Oh! summer breeze—oh! summer breeze,
That plays so light 'mid the leafy trees;
Come hither, come hither, thou lovely thing,
And tell me where wanders thy beautiful wing:
There thou breathest over my brow,
I feel the soft touch of thy light wings now;
My thoughts they are glad, and my spirit is free;
Let me wander, sweet summer breeze, with thee

"Wilt thou fly with me 'mid the sunny bowers,
And drink the soft breath of the honied flowers?
Wilt thou sip the sweet dew from the opening rose,
And kiss the low bed where the violet blows?
Wilt thou sigh along at the closing day,
When the hues of the bright west are fading away?
Wilt thou sweep o'er the breast of the ocean blue,
When 'tis slumbering and smiling in heaven's own hue?"

Wilt thou waken the chords of the sighing lute,
When the sounds of the day are all hushed and mute
Till it breathes and breathes upon fancy's ear,
Like a wandering voice from some spirit sphere?
Wilt thou list where the blackbird is thrilling its lay,
And steal its rich breathings of music away,
When his mellow notes, flowing at eve's still hour,
Fling a tone of delight over valley and bower—
A tone, that seems given as it floats along
From the very spirit of love and song?
Wilt thou waft the light cloud o'er the wandering moon,
When its beams are watching at night's still noon?
Wilt thou wave the bright locks of the happy child,
As he plays by the banks of the blue bells wild?
If thus thou wilt wander away with me,
Oh, come, and our glad course together shall be,
Where the soft dews of heaven o'er the fragrant flower
weep,

And the ocean lies calm in its summer sleep;
Where the voice of music is melting away,
And the soul breathes out its tender lay;
Where all things in loveliness soft recline,
In stillness unbroke, by a voice, save mine:
Then close thy wings, and rest with me, too,
In the still fields of etherial blue;
When o'er heaven and earth there passeth no tone,
And silence is waking and watching alone.
So lovely and light is thy course, sweet gale,
As thou on thine unseen pinions dost sail;
No mortal may wander on such light wing,
Till they burst away in eternal spring.
Oh! then like thee may we float along,
'Mid bowers of beauty and breathings of song;
Then lightly, like thee, may we slumbering lie
In the blue depths of the summer sky.
Not now, not now; but the time will be
When I'll wander, sweet summer breeze, with thee;
Even there as thou playest amid the green trees,
My spirit went with thee, sweet summer breeze.

"OUR SISTER LAND.

"The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep."
"When Erin casts her sorrowing eyes across the green sea
wave,
And looketh to her sister land to pity and to save:
Oh! when the sighing of her harp is sent across the deep;
Who is there with that mournful tone in sympathy to weep?
All her wild beauties they are dimmed by sorrow's blanching
shade;
And want and wo on her fair face a deepening print hath
made;
Yet beautiful amid her grief, upon her billowy throne,
She sits in her green mantle clad, and her azure circling
zone.
"Oh! there are some who feel for her, by sorrow thus
oppress'd;
Who love to make themselves a shrine within her ardent
breast.
They pierced the veil which poverty had darkly round
her thrown,
And saw her great and noble soul was kindred with their
own.
The breeze that late around her blew, and her wild tresses
fann'd,
Brought a sweet tone of sympathy back from her sister
land;
The blended breathings of high hearts, the noble and the
kind,
The softened sigh that woman heaves from out her soul
refined.
And as she bends her sorrowing form, and dews her harp
with tears;
Soft as by summer's south wind borne, that tender tone
she hears:
Her eyes they brighten through her grief, as with the fondest
strain,
That gratitude's deep soul can pour, she blendeth Eng-
land's name.